

Cosmic Poems Journal
September - October , 2023

- Brian Edwards

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These poems were sent into Outer Space via Space Speak
Outer Space Messaging (radio waves) multiples times
in September - October , 2023

1.

I want to be
where the stars
are both dim
and where they are bright
I want to be
where they light candles
with their glare
I want to be
where the stars
heal my wounds
absolve my sins
where they take away
the thorn-like memories
I want my poems to reach
the worlds of sand castles
the worlds of oceans
the worlds of seashells

- 9/14/2023

2.

What lies above
in the night sky
what is out there
nothing
a glorious nothing
silence
such an immaculate silence
are there worlds
where flowers
never wither
are there worlds
where ocean waves
glisten in the light
of many Suns
what lies above
it cannot be nothing
what lies above
it is everything
it is the sea
of eternity's dreams

- 9/15/2023

3.

Pipe dreams are okay
but watch out
they can shatter
they can spill
on the floor
get all over
the rug you just cleaned
pipe dreams
can gleam and glare
and shine
like a pharaoh's
golden mask
hovering in the air
but they can
vanish in a moment
all the gleaming
golden glow
can disappear
leaving you coal
ashes
and warm beer

- 9/16/2023

4.

A fog rolls in
inside....within
plateau of the psyche
a fog rolls in
my memory of her now
is vapor
silhouettes
and Ionian mist
bright mirage
what can exist beyond fog
this hour
a soul hungers
for obscurity
a bell chimestolls
and out at sea
mermaids sweetly sing

- 9/16/2023

5.

It's late
maybe one
...two in the morning
the clock has vanished
like Ithaca in the mist
like immortality's star
the clock
has been taken
from the heart and soul
of the demigod
what is alive in me
what is real in me
where is this fire
that feeds the soul
frees the soul
where is the gate
through which
my soul must pass
eternity without time
that is the reflection
that you will see
in the mirror
that is the mirror
that you will behold
rising from the sea

- 9/17/2023

6.

I went into
the mountains
to absolve myself
of some things
curious that
there's always things
that need absolving
that is unless
you're one of those
perfect ones
that the world
doesn't touch
that the world
crashes and breaks upon
like a pillar
like a stone
like a mountain
among the bones

- 9/13/2023

- Poem written out
across the sky
with Infrared Laser
towards the constellation
Cassiopeia
on 9/17/2023

7.

I see solitude
in the mist
it is like
a mirror
it's like a cobweb
made of glass
it looks like
a harlequin drunk
on wine and the Sun
I see solitude
reflected back at me
in the flowing stream
it looks like Medusa
with her eyes closed
but I know inside
that she'll
open them soon
and when she does
my lucky rabbit's foot
won't be worth
a nickel

- 9/17/2023

Poem written out
across the sky
with Infrared Laser
towards the constellation
Cassiopeia on 9/17/2023

8.

Bull running
across the stars
bull running
towards the glowing horizon
in the stadium
of all eternity
in the afternoon
the afternoon
where the dust
is ancient dust
the afternoon
when a little death
feeds the soil of life
in the afternoon
in the stadium
of all that lives on
forever
a little death
nourishes the roses
the roses grow
surrounding the tombs
the bulls run
towards the horizon
of eternity
the roses grow
around the tombs
the silent tombs
an immaculate silence

- 9/13/2023

9.

The white rose
has withered and died
the white rose
that we both knew
the white rose
that we saw
that we touched
that we smelled
the scent of
together
the white rose
of that garden
that was always
an impossibility
that white rose
of a brief
and sacred moment
in the sea of time

- 9/14/2023

10.

There are no
eternal words tonight
only daggers in the air
in her eyes
her dark hair
I felt the presence
of the night's soul
and was left
in the desert
to be bitten
by a legion of serpents
and I believe it to be
that she is gone now
gone
where new voices
will serenade her
and I will be left
to lie there and stare
into an empty sky
as new voices
serenade her

- 9/15/2023

11.

It's all strange now
very unhinged now
there's little order to it
the bulls are running
wild in the streets
knocking down the drunks
slaying the drunks
I hope for their sake
it was a good
last drunk
the bulls don't give a damn
if it was
the bulls breathe
rage and death
and sometimes
we ourselves
like to breathe
a little chaos
especially at the last drunk
though we almost
never know
when it's the last

- 9/16/2023

12.

They are risen now
the constellations
of an old mythology
and I am here
stricken with insomnia
drinking coffee
at midnight
just to feel awake
to feel alive
to feel something
other than zombified
the sky is clear
the stars are sparkling
I am walking along
the edge of the thread
I am drifting
into a colosseum
of hallucinated gladiators
I am now beyond
the wounds
and the cold ice
of the thorns
the alluring roses
of stinging recollections
insomnia is with me tonight
like a shadow
like a shadow of a soulless soul

- 9/16-18/2023

13.

I was just speaking
to the crazy one
she is like me
though not so much
of a hearer
she can see the ghouls
the goblins
the hidden worms
of the hidden walls
of Tartarus
though I have no proof
that she can hear
as I do
the unholy magistrate
of the dark ones
the viceroys of the shadow
the dukes....barons
and noble ladies
of the sulfur palace
in their revelry

- 9/14/2023

14.

The echoing soul
of the Sun
of many Suns
light reflected
in the mirror
that is itself creation
omens....candles
the voice
of a sea-witch
I hear nothing
believe nothing
love tried
and failed with me
and then
there was nothing again
there were omens
so many omens
along the way
crows up in the trees
there were so many
trees full of crows
back in that time
when she walked
by my side
back when she was
like a precious orchid to me
and now....years later
I sit and stare
into a fire glowing
with a light of the past

- 9/17-19/2023

15.

It was
a pretty good one
he thought
while it lasted
and it didn't last long
not this time
which was like
most other times
when it was over
there wasn't much pain
not like
some of the other times
maybe because
it was such a brief one
or maybe because
he knew about the pain
much better now
he knew it's nature
what it could do
and it couldn't
do as much to him now
not like
some of the other times
yet it could
still be bad for him
if it happened
but it didn't happen
this time
this time
was a pretty good one

- 9/21/2023

16.

I can imagine it now
that blue island
in the blue sea
I saw the blue island
from a ship
upon the blue sea
and I would see the cars
driving down the narrow roads
their headlights
at night
almost a night
made blue by the blue sea
but not quite
the night was still
the night in its true form
and from the position
of the ship
I could really sense
the size of it all
the blue island
of the blue sea
and the next day
us sailors
(several drunk...including me)
would go to the house
painted white and red
on top of a hill
on the blue island
of the blue sea
in the painted house
were many flowers
beautiful
fragrant
quite dream-fulfilling
they gave me dreams
right then and there
on the island
of the blue sea
and eventually
us sailors
went back to the ship
some of us drunk
including me

- 9/21/2023

17.

He wasn't wishing
for anything really
other than
to feel something
momentarily
that he once knew
an old feeling
that he once loved
he wished for this again
but only momentarily
he accepted
the truth of it
he wished that
it wasn't so
he truly did
but he accepted it
over time
he had learned
to accept it
but he wasn't beyond
the point yet
where he didn't
remember it
or wish to feel it again
just for a moment
that was his only wish

- 9/21/2023

18.

On Sunday
he would go
out to the Pine Barrens
to escape civilization
he would go out
at sunrise
to escape
all the drudgery
noises
annoyances
people....other people
especially other people
he would go out
and breathe in
the solitude
let his worries
his troubles
dissolve and disappear
in the Sun's rays
he would go out there
and find his sanctuary
on Sunday
and it's always good
to have a sanctuary
and he believed
that Sunday
was a good day
to find it

- 9/22/2023

19.

It wasn't time
and yet it was time
the horizon
was still dark
and yet....the light
was already there
things that were
were not
yet were still
and words were used
without much sense
of propriety
sentences were formed
that made no sense
but what of it
what of it mattered
what of it didn't matter
what of it
was colliding
with the known boundaries
of established order
that were already vanishing

- 9/22/2023

20.

She just threw it out there
and her words
bit him
like a snake bite
it caught him by surprise
yet in a way
there was a place
hidden in his soul
where he already
saw this coming
he knew the course
of the thing
from the start
but he didn't want
to remember that
he allowed himself
to forget that
he understood why
and he wasn't
mad at himself at all

- 9/20/2023

21.

The poetry
is in the light
do you see
the poetry
is in the light
the dance of the light
the light now dancing
out of the atmosphere
up to the heavens
up to the stars
the light
will dance on
to the stars forever
and the poetry
is in the light

- 9/20/2023

22.

The first light
is just about to appear
at this moment
the flowers
stare up at Andromeda
Venus seems like
a crystalline mirage
the birds will soon
begin to serenade
the glowing light
to the east
I will soon
be on the road
and this serenity
will fade from me
the sounds of the world
will become
more mechanical
more filled with commotion
and this commotion
will have its time
but only its time
nothing more
the chaotic cacophony
will recede
the serenity will return again
the Moon will rise
the stars will be seen
the quiet will prevail
once again
for its time
and the cycle will go on

- 9/20/2023

Out there
on the balcony
just before dawn
with cigarette
with coffee
working towards
clearing away
the mind-fog
he knew that essentially
today
he would be reliving
yesterday
he knew
he knew all too well
but he enjoyed it
out there in the morning
it was very quiet....dark
that other world
didn't exist yet
that other world
was just over
a horizon
but it didn't exist yet
that other world
he wasn't thinking about it
and the coffee
had a good taste
this morning
they were calling
for rain
yet just then
the sky was very clear
there was no sign
of it yet
he looked up
and could see
the stars were still out
and were very bright

24.

It was very late
at night
out at my little camp
out in the woods
near a friend's home
in my fold-out camping chair
a battery lantern
beside me
glowing brightly
a beer half-full
in my hand
and many empty ones
beside me
and I must have been
frozen like a statue
when the raccoon
walked right into
my little camp
it was only
a few feet away
when it seemed
to notice me
it stopped for a few moments
we both looked
intensely at each other
then it went on its way
into the dark woods
and I sat there
with my beer
and many empty ones
beside me
in the glowing light

- 9/24/2023

25.

In the afternoon
he was listening
to the radio
and heard the trumpets
of the angels
he saw the world
as theater
beginning at sunrise
ending at sundown
through a sea captain's
looking glass
he could see the vineyards
and envision
the enticing wines
and he did behold crows
flying up to the Moon
for a gathering
of witches
and in the afternoon
he saw the Aurora Borealis
fiery.....colorful....spectral
possibly not even there
above his small apartment
in the big city
that was by and large
too busy rushing about
to notice anything interesting
happening in the sky

- 9/23-24/2023

Send your poems
to another world
let them touch
let them breathe
the fragrance
of strange alien flowers
let the poems wander
fields and jungles
of such surreal visions
let the poems touch
god-like looming mountains
ziggurats of some
curious form
send your poems
to another world
let them touch seashells
upon the shore
of an ocean
that would fill us
with wonder
send your poems
to other worlds
to reach
to touch
other civilizations
that our most ancient
of dreams
tells us should exist
send your poems
to an alien city
one like Paris
lets just say
lets just imagine
send your poems there
to shine on the rooftops
to be like diamonds
across the skyline

27.

Lastly I dreamt
dreamed
was dreaming
some hour
of the night
there were bulls
and matadors
crowds
looking for
hoping for
the exhilaration
the fatal exhilaration
or so it was
under the hot
dreamt of Sun
in the village
that was a dream
yet eternal somewhere

- 9/22/2023

Symmetry evades
the reasoning
of the pen
here and now
at a quarter
past eight
and the clouds
shroud the sky
and the wind
it does not howl
or whistle
or weep
the wind
is simply absent
as the Moon
is absent
as the radios
sing of Sun worship
and the cars go by
telepathically blind
as the water
is just water
not vodka
not beer
as time
is like quicksand
for us all
as the cities buzz
with a new buzz
of the generation
a generation
passing into
the absent wind
and the streetlights
illuminate
nothing that
was sacred before
nor will ever be
the mice will stir about
tonight
a solitary candle will expire
in a solitary room

leaving a shadow
to its fate

- 9/24/2023

The shroud of bleak clouds
never cleared
not once all weekend
they are still there
this morning
Monday morning
I wanted to go out
to the forest yesterday
but I didn't
there was no sunrise
to behold
there was just the shroud
it seems like the shroud
isn't leaving anytime soon
not letting
any sunlight through
sprinkling some rain
here and there occasionally
and it's four in the morning now
yet there will be
no sunrise
to behold again
not this morning
and it's Monday morning
I have to be at work
in a few hours
so it's not
as big a deal to me
as yesterday morning was
I would have liked
to have been in the forest
at sunrise
I always do
it's when I feel closest
to the sacred
to the immaculate
to the other world
that I believe in deeply
in those moments
that I stand before it

30.

The old man
walked by me
at four in the morning
talking to himself
as I was out
on my balcony
with my coffee
in a light drizzle
but just a light drizzle
and I wondered
for a moment
what had him awake
and out there so early
and there was just us
out there
I heard him talking
to someone
but I didn't see
anyone else there
I didn't see a phone either
just the old man
walking back and forth
in the parking lot
I didn't really
think it strange
that he was talking
to himself
I've had my share
of experiences
with such things
I knew that he knew
what was going on
even if most others didn't
I just continued
sipping my coffee
in the light drizzle

- 9/25/2023

We have found a peace
among the pieces
that remain
an understanding
among the ruins
of something
among scattered possibilities
that will never
come to fruition now
and we accept
that this is
the nature of things
this is the nature
of the world
time itself
is always seeking
to create
and to whither
now we walk among the pieces
of something
that was once radiant
something that was formed
created
like a statue
of near perfection
it is in pieces now
and we both know
that there's no use
in denying that
so we make our peace
with it
take it for what it is
and go about our lives
in this world
with just a few more
scars and memories now
but that is all

31.

I've got to
get to sleep early
to wake up early
all for The Grind
the cold
sinister
Machiavellian Grind
and all day
shed little pieces
of my soul
on the ground
gone.....lost
you don't get them back
though maybe
and all day long
I'll hear The Grind
reading from the books
of Machiavelli
asking
philosophical questions
about how best
to structure society
none of it
will do me any good tomorrow
and The Grind will smirk
and Machiavelli will laugh
from the pages

- 9/26/2023

32.

This fog
has been clinging
to the Earth
for days
the villagers lit candles
and placed them
in the windows
to better see nothing
they wanted to get
a good look at nothing
and out beyond
the tree line
nothing waited
nothing counted the moments
the villagers decided
to go to sleep
when nothing arrived
when nothing finally did
the candles
were still glowing

- 9/26/2023

33.

The two galactic travelers
walked serenely
into the star dream
inside there were eggs
and a dolphin's memories
vines that had not
grown much yesterday
reached the igloos
on the Moon today
and in Venice
candelabras glowed
illuminating tables
where diabolical schemes
were explored
and set in motion

- 9/26/2023

34.

The little drops of rain
touched the river
of infinity
as if in slow motion
the ripples that were created
expanded out beyond
the county line
and into the
interstellar void
where distant Suns
almost appear
as a tapestry
of Chinese lanterns
the little drops of rain
that fell into infinity
became almost impossible
to classify
so the scientist
and philosophers
simply wondered
about the importance
of it all
it was accepted
that they could never
truly understand

- 9/27/2023

35.

They wondered
through the valley
of hypnotizing moonlight
glowing bright
the light
that is of the Moon
speaking directly
to their souls
the hypnotizing
the hypnotizing
went quickly
the Moon does not
mince its words of light
the caterpillar
would not dance
for them
nor the owl
nor the praying mantis

- 9/27/2023

36.

I feel that it is
impossible to express
my expressions now
my expressions
are as windows
and they have all
been closed
by the toad
the rabbit
and the bat
my expressions
will be like stardust
gathering upon star pillars
perhaps one day
there will be
enough withered stems
within me
to anoint an expression
conjure a mist at twilight
and whisper
to the reeds and lily pads
of the alchemical visions
that I possess within

- 10/1/2023

37.

By the light
of a beginning
by the light
of a reflected oasis
by the light
of an immaculate mirage
an infinity of mirrors
by the muse's candle
along the edge
of the sea
by the whims
of the Queen's temperament
How
I
have
beheld
the
glowing
coral
star

- 10/1/2023

38.

New Jersey
I remember walking
along your beaches
in my youth
the dead horseshoe crabs
my first awakening
to existential truth
naive as I was
in that summer
that would never last
New Jersey
you have opened my eyes
to the impermanence
of life....being
a candle's flame
a first love
a flower in spring
New Jersey
you never gave me
false hope
if there was any
it was of
my own conjuring

- 10/1/2023

39.

Cosmic Space Graffiti :

I am writing
cosmic space graffiti
across the sky
scribbling
madness with a laser
little poems
from the
hyped-up soul
a bit of juxtaposition
of words
from the caffeine
and euphoria
of simply having
these sanctified moments
to shine
scribble
compose a little
cosmic space graffiti
across the sky
of air and then
beyond....
outer space
the threshold
to the Universe
and eternity

- 10/1/2023

40.

Poetry & Light : 9/29/2023

There is a lighthouse
out in the middle
of the Pines
and I am there
it stands
at the shore of the sky
it shines its light
across the threshold
of the stars
the cosmic ocean
of stars
of worlds
of life and dreams
its purpose is that
of poetry and light
shining poetry light
shining photons of words
words of experience
words of the soul
words of living breath
there is a lighthouse
out in the Pines
I am there
sending poems
that I have written
to the stars
of the constellations
to new worlds
awaiting discovery
to their shores
I cannot go
yet I can send
this light of my poetry

- 9/29/2023

41.

What is waiting
for us
on the other side
of the radio static barrier
reverb from Valhalla
Odin
Poseidon
Nefertiti
in my heart
AM/FM dial
time distortion
wormholes
of high school memory
we used to drink
Southern Comfort
in the woods
at twilight
unknowingly summoning
the shadow creatures
that would haunt us
down the road

- 10/1/2023

42.

Tell us
the words
of your imaginings
we have seen
felt
rediscovered
the ocean's very
essence
of
eternity

now as you
dream
of violets

walk with me
into
the fading
twilight

- 10/1/2023

43.

To all you muses
of the Void
awakening
the echoes
awakening the ionosphere's
soul-telepathy
to all you muses
on the dark side
of the Moon
drinking forties
on the curb
waiting for an eclipse
a flower
resurrection
something
to all you muses
hollowed out
by the monetary system
in love with
radio phantoms
vanishing mirages
I will wait for you
across the street
at the end of the line

- 10/1/2023

44.

The time we spent
in the valley
was nothing
compared to
the time we spent
in the other valley
where Aphrodite
was growing orchids
and across the expanse
of dew covered
front lawns
in the early light
I saw a statue
that was once
a man who
looked Medusa
straight in the eyes
like a damn fool

- 10/2/2023

45.

Her eyes
pierced into
his soul
he had never
seen such eyes
and never would again
there was only
her eyes
nothing before
or anything after
would ever
exist for him again
there was only her eyes
he wasn't much aware
of anything else
anything that he was doing
who he even was
sleeping
eating
breathing
all of it trivial
there was only her eyes
and the asylum walls
that he ever saw before him

- 10/1/2023

- Poem was written out
across the sky
with Infrared Laser
towards the constellation
Cassiopeia
on 10/1/2023

46.

Maybe we'll all become
constellations ourselves
one day
once we've been
forgotten in this world
maybe we can still
make an appearance
of a kind
among the stars
maybe we can never
truly be forgotten
by the Universe
because we were
a part of the Universe
maybe we will
join with the light
that is the light
of the stars
and the Universe
will see each of us again
as a constellation

- 10/2/2023

2023